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THE BUSINESS SITUATION.

NOLD PROVERB IS RESPONSIBLE for the curiously inaccurate belief that "there is no sentiment in business," yet every business man knows that nothing under the sun has so much of sentiment in it as

This was demonstrated yesterday by the course of the money market and stock exchange in New York. The bankers of the metropolis anticipated something akin to a panic, and prepared for it over-night by authorizing the issuance of clearing house certificates to the amount of \$40,000,000 in case it was needed to prevent a panic, and thus tide over solvent firms that might be caught in a corner by the expected demoralization of business due to the attack on President McKinley.

Nothing but sentiment could have influenced the markets so instantly and unfavorably. The shooting of a president cannot, in the nature of things, change the policy of the nation in a day; the banks are in exactly as good condition theoretically as they were before the shooting occurred, and individual credits are unchanged. Yet the depressing effect of a great national calamity, the fear of the unforeseen is so potent that impressionable holders of securities are ready to sacrifice immense sums in order to be sure that they will not be overwhelmed by some vague catastrophe forced upon them by the crazy act of an irresponsible ruffian. The race is still in its infancy, and in times like these is no whit braver than a child that fears to be left alone in the dark. Pure sentiment awakened by an unexpected disaster, leaves most men weak and shaken with a fear that they themselves could not explain, and that psychologists can never account for.

A few days and the panic of a night is forgotten, the horror of the unexpected passes by, men resume their normal attitude toward each other, and the world goes wagging on as though it had never been startled by its own fears into a terror that it is ready to laugh at afterwards, . So with this present temporary disturbance of business; whether the president lives or dies, the business world will resume its humdrum round on the old basis, speculators will count their losses and gains, the wheels of government will continue their revolutions, and the business of living will absorb the energies of the race as before. Then the alarms, real and manufactured, that have been so real will seem like phantasms.

But sentiment will still be, as it has always been, the most powerful, as well as the least definable, of the great forces that dominate the affairs of

ORIENTAL TRAFFIC FOR RAILROADS.

CALT LAKE HAS MORE than a passing interest in the advices from Chicago to the effect that the Harriman roads are awake to the importance of the enormous Oriental traffic tributary to the transcontinental lines, and are making a systematic effort to get all the advantage that comes from organized exploitation of any business.

It is apparent that Mr. Harriman foresees the very situation that has been a strong factor in the determination of Senator Clark and his associates to build the connecting line to Los Angeles. The people of this region who are familiar with the tonnage possibilities of the Los Angeles route have never had any doubt as to the practicability of the road as a revenue proposition from local traffic earnings. But very few have realized the immense proportions to which the commerce with Asia has grown, or the rich possibilities it offers to railroads that can command their proportion of the business originating in the Orient or carried to it from western points by the transcontinental roads.

This foreign tonnage is a comparatively recent development, and with improved facilities will undoubtedly be an important contributor to the railroad earnings of the lines that participate in its benefits. The San Pedro road will be in position to carry a heavy proportion of the trans-Pacific business in both directions, and with its geographical position it can expect to make a handsome showing of earnings almost from its initial run.

When the San Pedro line is in position to aid in the development of local resources and build up the local business that will naturally follow its rails as they are laid, it will occupy an enviab "rategic position in the railway world, and more than justify the sanguing expectations of its builders

AGRICULTURE IN ALASKA.

LASKA AS A FIELD FOR AGRICULTURAL enterprise does not

AGRICULTURAL enterprise does not offer many allurements to the young man of the United States. L. G. Powers, employed as chief statistician for agriculture in preparing the twelfth census, has made a report to William R. Merriam, director of the census, in which many interesting facts are set forth.

The enumeration was made in the summer of 1900 by special agents, the first representatives of a United States census to collect statistics of agriculture in the territory. The tabulated returns indicate that the farming industry is insignificant, that it is merely a subsidiary pursuit. The leading industries are mining, fishing, and the canning of fish. The value of the agricultural products was but 12.7 cents for each inhabitant of the territory, and 24.4 cents for each inhabitant of the territory, and 24.4 cents for each inhabitant of the territory, and 24.4 cents for each inhabitant of the territory, and 24.4 cents for each inhabitant of the territory, and 24.4 cents for each inhabitant of the territory and 24.4 cents for each inhabitant of the territory. the agricultural products was but 12.1 cents for the southern district, in the death of the southern district, in child, in 1873, it became evident that the death of the southern district, in the death of the sout agricultural condition in the states and other territories. For each inhabitant of Arizona the average value of agricultural products in 1899 was \$57, and of the United States, in 1889, \$39.

The report continues: "The area of the twelve farms reported in Alaska in 1900 is 159 acres, of which 104 acres are devoted to the cultivation of vegetables and hay, and the remainder is used for pasturage. The total farm products were valued at \$8,046. These farms are all south of the Kuskokwim river, in southeastern Alaska, and along the southern coast, including the Aleutian islands. In this section there are two centers of agricultural activity, one on the southeastern coast in the vicinity of Juneau and Sicka, and the other in the southwest, in the region about Cook inlet and Kadiak island. The United States department of agriculture maintains experiment stations at Sitka and at Kenai on Cook inlet, but no reports were secured of the land or livestock owned.

"North of the sixty-second parallel agricultural operations are generally confined to small vegetable gardens, from which sales are rarely made. A small farm operated in connection with the Holy Cross mission, on the lower Yukon, and a few gardens near Circle City produce vegetables for market occasionally. Other small gardens are found in most of the villages of the Yukon valley.

"The values given are of the buildings and other improvements only, and not of the land, as no titles have been secured by the farmers, owing to the fact that no official survey has been made."

The special agents failed to secure reports concerning the farming operations of the Indians, who have made substantial beginnings in agriculture, notably the Thlingits, who inhabit the southern coast, and the Alouts, whose habitat is the Alaskan peninsula and the neighboring islands.

NEW FORM OF LIQUOR WARFARE.

THE LITTLE TOWN of Dickson, Tenn., is stirred from center to circumference by the announcement that a man named Frost is coming to the place to open a saloon. Dicksonians want neither Frost nor his They are opposed to the liquor traffic, and being so opposed they have decided upon a unique method of discouraging his venture, and, incidentally, preventing any future repetition of a saloon incursion. The Louisville Courier-Journal thus explains the Dicksonian plan of campaign against Frost:

"They are now organizing a stock company, composed of 100 leading citizens, with the intention of opening up an opposition saloon. At this liquor shop an expert bartender will be called and drinks sold at cost, tak ing all profit from the traffic, which, they claim, will drive Frost out of business and rid the town of liquor traffic. The liquor war preparations are attracting much attention, because the best and most religious people in the

nity will engage in the liquor business." citizens' saloon may succeed; it should succeed; unless all signs fail it will drive competition quickly and surely from the field. Think of it! The best liquors, commingled with the utmost skill of an expert mixologist, and at actual cost, without diamond-purchasing profit to the middleman! It's a prospect that should freeze Frost's blood. Possibly, however, it will attract such immigration to Dickson that even when Frost is evaporated by the hot opposition, it will be necessary to continue the church conducted saloon indefinitely, in order to prevent the consummation of other men's commercial desires, and to supply the local demand for fancy drinks, engendered by the art of the imported mixer.

The M'Kinleys' Beautiful Home Life.

PERHAPS the most delightful side of the life of President McKinley is that concerning which the public is least informed—the life within his domestic circle. The testimony of those who have had opportunity to observe it is all to one effect—that it is a fine, sweet life, full of gentleness and beauty.

serve it is all to one effect—that it is a fine, sweet life, full of gentleness and beauty.

When William McKinley was a young man, just beginning his study of the law, he went to Canton to visit his sister, and there he met Miss Ida Saxton, the daughter of James Saxton, a well-to-do banker. In 1871 they were married, and in the little frame cottage on Market street was where their honeymoon commenced. In that house, too, their two children were born, and from the parlor of that modest little house they were buried. The funeral services over the remains of each of the little ones were held at the same church, a short distance away, that had been opened to worship for the first time three years before on the evening that William McKinley and Ida Saxton were married.

After the birth of their last child Mrs. McKinley was told that she might never be able to walk again. She was young then, and hope was buoyant, but the doctors' prophecies were true. For over a quarter of a century Mrs. McKinley has never walked unsupported.

"I always forget," she once said,

ported.
"I always forget." she once said,
"that I cannot walk until someone reminds me of it. My husband's arm
has so taken the place of my foot that
I have never been deprived of any
enjoyment in life because of my lame-

enjoyment in life because of my lameness."

For an invalid she has a remarkable constitution and wenderful will power. She travels with the president wherever he goes, if only for a day's journey. She never allows her illness to close the doors of her home to social life. She keeps young people with her constantly and allows them the same joyous entertaining they would do at their homes.

She detests what is artificial in women and dislikes what is unrefined. She cares for children more than for women or men, and the poorest woman with the prettiest baby is sure of receiving more attention from the first lady of the land than is given to a diplomat.

diplomat.

Every child in Canton is taken to see Mrs. McKinley as soon as the president's town house opens. Mrs. McKinley used to say there was once a time when she knew every child in the city. That was before Mr. McKinley was governor, and she kept in close touch with the newcomers. She contessed with a sigh recently that she did not know the children by name in Canton now, and that this was a grievous disappointment to her.

did not know the children by name in Canton now, and that this was a grievous disappointment to her.

"I dislike to hurt their feelings," she said. "by asking their names."

No child asked her name, however. She was "Auntie McKinley" to all the children in Canton, or, really, in the state of Ohio, if one should judge from the troops of youngsters that are brought to her home in one day.

The remarkable physiognomical resemblance between Mr. and Mrs. Mc-Kinley has been universally noted, and it is held to be another exemplification of the tendency for husband and wife to grow nearer to each other in appearance. Those who know Mrs. Mc-Kinley declare that from the beginn.ns of their married life she has been "just wrapped up in him," to use an old-time homely expression. In many of his tours she accompanie i him, travelling thousands of miles. When detained at home her loving thoughts went with him, encouraging him in his strumphs. Nor is he lacking on his part. When absent from home he would send her at least three letters a day, one before breakfast, another at out, and the declared they grew more and more alike, a likeness more of the soul than of flesh and

no wonder that their friends declare they grew more and more alike, a likeness more of the soul than of flesh and blood—her soul going out to her husband, and his soul responding to hers. William McKinley met Ida Saxton first while going to church—he bound for the Methodist meeting house, where he superintended a Sunday school; she bound for the Presbyterian church, where she had charge of a class in a similar school.

child, in 1873, it became evident that Mrs. McKinley's health had been hopelessly shattered.

"You have married a girl who will be a drag to you, my dear," the wife said one day as they sat together in their unpretentious home.

"You can naver be a drag, my Ida," the husband said. "Companionship is not downend on strength. A 1good woman's influence is always helpful, and often most so when she is weak and clinging. You lift me up, no matter how feebly life pulsates in you." And he kissed away her tears.

When, in 1576, conditions became ravivable to the success of Mr. MsKintey in IClitica, he consulted with als wife as to the advisability of plunging into the stryggle for a seat in congress.

"If," he is reported to have said to her, "you would suffer by the circumstances surrounding me in the competition for public station, I will devote my ambition to success in private life; for you are more to me than all others, and I could not willingly engage in life work that would distress you."

"My husband," she replied, "I wish to leave you free to do whatever to you seems beet. Your ambitions are mine, whatever they may be; and I have no fear but that your choice of life will leave you as you are in the things that make you dear to me."

He threw himself in the political fight, was nominated for congress, and, in October of the Centennial year, was clected by a majority exceeding 3,000 yous.

Fables for the Elite. By Dorothy Dix.

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THERE was once a Motherly old Cow, who was so full of the Milk of Human Kindness she Slopped Over, and thought she had a Mission to Reform the World.

All her Life she had been Safely Penned up in the Home Pasture that was Fenced in Ten Feet High with Barbed Wire, and, as she had never been Tempted to Break Over the Bars, she greatly admired her Own Virtue. Be-sides, she had no Sporting Blood in her Veins.

Tempted to Break Over the Bars, she greatly admired her Own Virtue. Besides, she had no Sporting Blood in her Veins.

For a long Time she was satisfied to merely Chew her Cud of Pepsin Gum and attend to the Dairy Business, but finally she got a Line on to it that some of the other Animals on the outside of her Paddock were Butting into a Lot of Fun she Missed, and this greatly distressed her, for she knew it must be Wrong.

Now, the Cow was one of those Estimable Creatures who cannot Conscientiously Approve of anything they Do not Do themselves, so she called a Convention of the other Cows, and thus addressed them:

"I perceive," she said, "that Many of our Fellow Creatures are Disporting themselves in a Way in which no well bred Cow, with a Registered Pedigree as a Daughter of the Revolution, would ever think of Indulging, and I feel that we would not be doing our Sacred Duty as Mothers if we did not Put an End to their Sinful Pleasures and Remove Temptation from them.

"I opine that we should Band ourselves Together, and get Laws Passed that will force all other Animals to Conduct themselves like Cows, and Partake of only such Slops as we Prefer.

"We do not care for any Beverage more Intoxicating than Ice Cream Soda, so it is Clear that all Saloons should be Closed up, and Masculine Creatures forced to Ride on the Water Wagon.

"It is also Piain that Racing is an Iniquitous Amusement that ought to be Stopped, because no Cow is one, two, six as a Handicapper, nor can any Female play the Hunch System long without getting on the Bum.

"We will likewise join the Committee of Fifteen and assist in Suppressing all Gambling except Skin Games of Bridge, as it is played in Fashionable Society by our Most Refined Ladies."

These words Greatly Delighted the Other Cows, who forthwith Tied bows of White Ribbon on their Horns, and with their Eyes Shut Charged into the whole Bunch of Masculine Vices, but, although in a number of Places they succeeded in getting Speak Easles and Bilind Pigs substituted for Licensed Saloons,

Garbage Can before you report your Neighbor to the Health Department for maintaining a Nuisance.

"Doubtless there are great Weeps coming when a Masculine Creature returns to his Waiting Wife with a Jeglet on Board, and it is up to Him to do a turn in Sackcloth and Ashes when he drops the Coin that was Due the Grocer, on, a Friendly Game, but just as many Happy Homes have been broken up by Feminine Talkfests as ever have by Red Liquor, and as much Good Money has been Hurled at the Eirdies across the Bargain Counter as ever went over the Green Cloth.

"I have also observed that those Masculine Creatures who Side Step away from the Right do not do it Alone, and while I opine that Feminine Creatures are the Salt and the Tobasco Sauce of the Earth, I shall not order my Angel Wings until I hear of the Christian Cows' Temperance Talking Union, and the Anti-Shopping League, and the Society for the Suppression of Scandal having a Branch in every community."

At this Rude Speech the Cows were much Offended. "It is Outrageous, they cried: "how dare this Horrid Creature, who Drinks and Smokes, criticise our Innocent Amusement of Picking our Friends to Pieces, or attempt to interfere with our harmless Enjoyment of Running up Bills for our Husbands to Pay."

And with that they set upon the Goat and would have Gored him to death, except that, being a Wise Guy, after telling a Female a Home Truth, he had Fied for his Life.

Moral.—This Fable Teaches that it is only our Neighbors who need to be Reformed.

Be Economical-Waste is a Crime.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

(Copyrighted, 1901, by W. R. Hearst.)

To BE WASTEFUL is a crime, and to be a chronic saver is another.

I am more and more convinced that the people who devote their lives to saving all sorts of things in boxes, bags, trunks and parcels, and who are forever anticipating a time of need when their possessions will he of value-never attain the best success of life, nor make the most of their

and who are forever anticipating a time of need when their possessions will be of value—never attain the best success of life, nor make the most of their own qualities.

Their minds, like their houses, become stuffed with trumpery, and things of value are crowded out.

I have seen a woman travel with a trunk so heavy that she was always obliged to pay extra baggage duty upon it and tip four expressmen to lift it, yet she did not possess one really complete costume to her back nor furnishings for one cczy room.

The trunk was loaded with "things saved" during twenty years. Pieces of old gowns preserved after the gowns were worn out in rag carpets; half worn jackets and skirts saved for pos ible emergencies which never came; old ribbons of colors no longer in vogue; artificial flowers, bails of twine "saved" from parcels—letters that might better have been ashes.

And then there was bric-a-brac-cups without handles—broken plates—boxes, budgets and rolls and parceis, all more or less dilapidated from many storings and packings and handlings.

Each had some sentiment or memory associated with it, no doubt, yet think of the waste of time, money and vitality in conserving such a collection and changing residence and establishing new domiclies, and finding room and place for so many things—all without use.

Why, the same amount of time and strength applied to any trade, profession or business would have produced financial returns sufficient to buy and furnish a permanent residence.

Old, useless belongings, like old, useless memories—better be put away in Time's storehouse. We can pay storage bills with a few tears now and then—lit is less depleting to our mental and spiritual bank than dragging them about with us.

A few trinkets, like a few memories, we may keep; but the old trumpter—lit is less depleting to our mental and spiritual bank than dragging them about with us.

A few trinkets, like a few memories, we may keep; but the old trumpter—emotional or material—away with it.

Give away old clothes, or sell them to

do-not merely to have.

Scatter among your friends useless souvenirs of real value, which you do not want to utterly lose trace of, and which you have no place for.

Do not haul them about with you, to cumber up heart and room. Give your scraps of gowns to some old lady or some child to piece into a bed

What you cannot give, sell or lend to the benefit of someone-burn. Save the ashes if you will; they can be put in an urn and left on a shelf some-

where.

Don't save every piece of twine that comes about a parcel, and spend hours of precious time unraveling the knots. A whole ball of clean, new twine costs only 5 cents; the minutes and concentration used in untieing the various sized cords which come into your possession would earn a cartload of good twine if you applied it wisely.

If you insist upon this sort of saving you will always be obliged to, because it forces the creative powers of the brain to dissipate themselves in petty channels.

petty channels.

I have heard old people with little to show for a lifetime's toil, boast of their wonderfully "saving propensity." and I have seen their attics heaped with broken furniture and pasteboard boxes and moth-eaten garments—and from greater achievements.

"But I had to save everything or have nothing," they would say.

And it is useless and cruel to tell them if they had not expended their mentality and time in so much useless saving they would have had more. But it may be worth while to try and impress this idea on younger people. Do not waste anything—but do not save everything.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

health and kept a servant—a "hired girl." The elder Rockefeller was away much of the time, but he kept his wife plentifully supplied with money. The children had good clothes, good food and plenty of it. The boys tillled a small garden and raised enough potatoes, squash, pumpkins and other vegetables to supply the family larder. In the winter menths all of the children went to school. The school building was about 500 feet from their home and the teacher boarded with the La Montes.

The house occupied in those days by the Rockefeller family yet stands practically as it was when John D. was a boy. It is a cottage, one story and a half, with a celiar. The boys slept in the attic, which was none too high. A few years ago Mr. Rockefeller and all the members of his family made a trip to Owego and visited the old house.

The great capitalist led his children up the creaking stairs and into the room where he had slept so many nights and listened to the rain as it beat against the shingles overhead. It was so low that his silk hat scraped against the rafters, and he laughed heartlly as he showed where he had bumped his head many times as he hurriedly jumped out of bed.

"It is not a large room," he said, as he surveyed the cramped quarters, "but I wish to sleep as soundly today as I did years ago over in that corner. The snow used to sift in through the windows, and we had no steam neat or adjoining bath rooms, but we were just

selected by a majority exceeding 3,000 votes.

ROCKEFELLER'S YOUTH.

Stories of His Privation Are Mere Pipe Dreams.

Pipe Dreams.

For three miles southwest of Owego a smooth country road follows the banks of the Susquehannar river. For quice beauty no valley in this country surpasses that when the title of mountains. Waving fields of grain are checkered between forests of birch and fir, while in the distance more of weer during the banks was about 1800 feet from their home and bumped his head many times as how remember has built sake any pitch and the first the famous Hiawatha island, a stretch of wooded meadow and ridge which parts the placid waters of the Susquean hans. On the slope of the valley east of wood meadow and ridge which parts the placid waters of the Susquean hans and purple.

Statements have been repeatedly printed that the Rockefellers had a desperate struggle to live while in this cottage. The tale is told of how his scant that the Rockefeller had a desperate struggle to live while in this cottage. The tale is told of how his scant that the Rockefellers had a desperate struggle to live while in this cottage. The tale is told of how his scant that the Rockefellers had a desperate struggle to live while in this cottage. The tale is told of how his scant that some day a great mansion will ligs helped to support the family, all of which is pure fancy.

Mrs. Rockefeller was not in good that Rockefeller was not in good and a round Owego who went to the read of the provided waters of the Susquence of the suspension of the source of the susquence of t

Tragedies of Royal Life.

Endowed with every quality of heart and intellect that might fit her to be the wise consort of a great emperor. Victoria, crown princess of England and empress of Germany, in the dispensation of Providence was not permitted to luffill that which seemed her destiny. The cup of imperial power was but piaced to her lips and dashed away after a mere taste of the bitterest of draughts. During that great crists of her lite she was exposed to the active hostility of statesmen who had long been jealous of her influence

In May an operation was decided en can but Dr. Morell Mackenzie, who had been tyently summoned as a throat specialist of the first European rank, with the full assent of the court physicians, declared as wart on the order of the mourt physicians, declared to the court physicians, declared to declared to the court physicians, declared to declared to the court physicians, declared to Mackenzie. The case was intrusted to Mackenzie of the constitution of the const

did she consent to sacritice her daughter's happiness on the altar of the fatherland.

With Bismarck it was not unnatural that she should entertain a bitter feud, for had the iron chancellor had his way the Crown Prince Frederick would have been excluded from the throne had his throat malady been pronounced incurative that the Emperor William still throat malady been pronounced incurative that the Emperor William still case have been excluded from the throne had his throat malady been pronounced incurative that the Emperor William still case have been excluded from the Emperor William still case have been excluded in that case have been frederick would in that case have been from the would in that case have been from the would in that case have been frederick would in the case have been from the was placed at her disposal. The gift of the Duckers Galliera another fortune was placed at her disposal.

During this brief spell of fruitless power there was a mingling of joy with the family sorrow at the marriage of the sallor Prince Henry, the second son of the Emperor and Empress Frederick, with the Princess Irene of Hesse, in May, but the excitement proved too great for the emperor, and he was removed to Potsdam, his birthplace, to die, on June 15, having reigned exactly ninety-nine days. The widow bore the blow unflinchingly. At the moment of her bereavement this was the message she sent to the aged Empress Augusta: "She who was oproud and happy to be the wife of your only son mourns with you, poor mother. No mother ever had such a son. Be strong and proud in your grief. Even for several years after the fatal "hundred days" of her ceaseless vigil by whe bedside of "Frederick the Noble," his widow was pursued with what amounted to almost a relentiess persecution. There were those who harped upon the rift which was said to exist between herself and the young emperor. They magnified differences of temperament which undoubtedly marked the strong individuality of the mother from the no less active personality of the s

with branches in eighty cities; the Frederick institute, the Home for Daughters of the Better Classes and the Victorial lyceum.

The latter years of the dowager empress' life were passed between Berlin and the home which she built for herself in the Taunus mountains. In the early days of her married life the crown princess, with her husband, inhabited a lower in the castle of Babelsberg, near Potsdam, or a wing of the royal castle in Berlin. After the birth of their son they went to live at the new paiace of Potsdam. Though in winter the empress dowager has spent a few months in Berlin, Friedrichshof, her castle near Homburg, has been the abode for which she enterthined the strongest affection. The estate, situated near Cromberg and within easy reach of Homburg, was purchased by her, and a beautiful chateau erected under her superintendence. The name was intended to commemorate her noble husband. In the course of time the estate has been increased and beautified. Here she was frequently visited by the Prince of Wales, her brother, during its trips to the continent, at Baden or Homburg. Between King Edward and his eldest sister, whom he closely resembles, there always existed a closer sympathy than between others of the family. Indeed, King Edward, whose judgment in such matters, owing to an almost universal experience, few would venture to question, holds the conviction, franchy expressed, that she was the brightest and best woman of her age.

In the hamlet of Cromberg the empress was as well known to the poor as Queen Victoria at Balimoral. Her manners were simple; she was an early riser, fond of riding, and usually taking that form of exercise. Part of every day was devoted to study or painting and to receiving visitors. Few women have excelled her in endowment of natural gifts, which she cuitivated in every direction. She had been known to converse on Venetian ar with the most learned Italians, discuss medical problems with distinguished physicians, cap quotations from the English endowed the princes Victori



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